

WHY IRELAND HATES ITS POLICE



DEMONSTRATION in DUBLIN

THE traveler in Ireland can generally get plenty of information from the policeman, who is sure to be not far off, having in these days little to do except to scrutinize strangers at railway stations and street corners. Although often frigid and uncommunicative to natives, the policeman is free enough with strangers, and his information is apt to be reliable about the country generally, for, as he is never kept long at any one place, his local knowledge is extensive. It is true that he is apt to be biased against the peasantry, because, although a peasant's son himself, his training and employment have made the people hate him, for the common people have no use for the "peeler," as the constabulary are contemptuously called by them.

Imagine the policeman, the natural protector of life and property, being hated by the people! That is the condition in Ireland yet, and has been so almost from the beginning. That does not mean that the Irish do not want to have life and property protected. It means that they have so long seen the policeman identified with the protection of a particular kind of life, to-wit: the landlord's and bailiff's, and a particular kind of property, to-wit: the landlord's property in land, that they overlook his other useful public services. It is a most unfortunate state of things. The policeman has been made the buffer between the English Government and the Irish people, and the efficient instrument of coercion of the latter, and between the two his lot has not been a happy one. When home rule becomes an accomplished fact, the Royal Irish Constabulary will be disbanded. It will no longer be necessary to keep an "English garrison" in Ireland.

The estrangement between the police and the people is indeed remarkable. In the lawless districts of which there are still too many, the people who could give information to the police will not do so. Hence, there is a good deal of unpunished crime in those districts. One of the worst counties in this respect is the county of Clare, the historic constituency that first elected O'Connell to Parliament. Here the old wounds of the agrarian war have never closed up. During my stay I saw in one of the papers a pastoral letter of the Most Rev. Dr. Fogarty, Bishop of Killaloe, giving a blood-curdling description of outrages which continued to be committed with impunity against life and property in Clare. I visited Ennis, the capital of the county. I was told that in one week no less than three shooting outrages had been perpetrated on unoffending men. One of the victims was an ex-soldier, who was acting letter-carrier, and who was shot in the highway in open day. Although many people passed his wounded body on the road, not one would comfort or relieve him till the police came several hours afterwards. These passersby doubtless felt that if they gave any help to the victim they might meet the same fate as himself. So helpless has British law become in the county of Clare.

Sauntering round the narrow streets I fell in with an old man who did not object to conversation. He proved to be an ex-policeman. This man did not mince matters in detailing his views and experiences. "Clare was the most peaceable county in Ireland," said he, "when I joined the force, but the cursed Land League came upon us, and since then things have been different. Most of the men you meet on the road are Fenians or Ribbonmen, and many of them are criminals." I told him I thought this was too strong a description of his countrymen. He, however, stuck to his opinion, and took me to an elevated spot at the back of the Court House, from which he pointed out the scenes of as many as seventeen assassinations, all more or less successful, but for which only one man was ever brought to justice.

It is not alone the malcontents and the secret society men that refuse to tell the police what they know about outrages. Even the relatives of the injured persons are often known to adopt a similarly uncommunicative attitude. To give information to the police is to be branded as an "informer," which is the most offensive epithet in the Irishman's vocabulary, being worse than that of "hangman." The stigma descends from father to son, while there is any of the family left to endure it. My ex-policeman friend told me that he himself had heard a Clare mother, whose son was shot before her eyes, make the avowal that she would rather see all her sons lying dead beside her than become a hated "informer." She brought the secret to the grave with her.

I asked my friend for his opinion as to why the force was so unpopular. He laid the blame unhesitatingly upon the English Government. The Government have employed the police almost exclusively at evictions and other such unpopular tasks, when they might have employed the regular soldiers or the militia. The result is that the



A VIEW OF THE KENTHARE ROAD, KILLARNEY



COLLEEN BAWN and VICTORIA ROCKS, KILLARNEY

latter forces are popular, or at least are treated with some toleration, whereas the police are detested. It may be that recruiting reasons were back of England's policy of keeping the army and militia out of Irish agrarian troubles. Ireland used to be a good recruiting ground for these latter forces, and it is important to England that it should continue so. This consideration would dictate the wisdom of keeping the military force neutral in Irish internal affairs.

One of the allegations made by Nationalists is that outrages have often been "manufactured" by police agents at the instigation of the Government itself, in order to furnish an excuse for coercive laws. I asked this police veteran if there was any truth in this statement.

"It is no longer true," he said. "But," he added, "I can well remember when there were some very queer methods employed by the Dublin Castle authorities to get evidence about outrages. Did you ever hear of the Tubbercurry conspiracy?" he inquired.

I told him I had not. He thereupon told me the story of how a Government spy, disguised as a blacksmith, settled in a Western town, got into the confidence of the people, became sworn in as a secret society man, and ended by making things so hot that nearly one hundred young men had to flee the country.

"It was," said he, "in the early Land League days, when the famous, or infamous, Jimmy French was at the head of the detective department in Dublin Castle. I was a recruit in the constabulary depot then. Tubbercurry is a little town in the west, and many outrages were committed around that spot, but not a man was punished for them, nor was any word of information given to the police. Secret societies ruled the place. Going among the raw recruits one day, and questioning them, Jimmy French picked out a young man, named Morris, a blacksmith's son, who had also learned the trade himself, and instructed him to repair to Tubbercurry, set up a blacksmith's forge there, make himself popular with the people, keep his ears and eyes open, and if he got any bit of important information, to take it himself to Dublin. He was not to divulge his identity to the local police, for this would ruin his chances. They were to be kept in the dark as much as the peasantry. Of course, Morris was to have plenty of money for the job, but he was to live poorly and dress poorly on the profits of the forge.

"Morris carried out his instructions to the letter. He took the name of 'Billy Bartley.' Bartley's forge soon became a rendezvous for the idle or half idle youth of the neighborhood. The kind young blacksmith would only charge a few coppers for shoeing a horse, or mending a spade, and smaller jobs he often did for nothing, espe-

cially when his clients were of the poorer sort. He acquired a reputation as 'the broth of a boy;' he was a willing gamester, being always ready, if a game of cards was proposed, to cease work and reach over for the cards, which were always kept on the top of the bellows, and continued playing as long as he found company. He omitted no opportunity of making himself known and liked, went to every fair, dance, wake and festival where people congregated. In the political life of the village he was always on the popular side in giving his opinions, and even his money. Had he continued this gait he must have found himself in some public office. A Poor Law Guardian, or a Justice of the Peace he might have been if the plot had been allowed to develop so far.

"Of course, there were those who had their suspicions of young Bartley. Where did he come from, and what were his antecedents? When this kind of questioning got too close, he managed to turn it off in some adroit way. Beyond the statement that he had had some trouble with his parents, and that he had resolved to earn his livelihood away from them, he would confide nothing as to his past. The old men shook their heads, and warned the young men to shun him. One said

he was too good to last long. Another said he might be a Government spy who would get them all in trouble. That he went to mass regularly was admitted, but there were some who remarked that his manner of blessing himself revealed the amateur worshiper. The conjecture that he might be a Government spy came to Bartley's own ears, and at once he set about to explode it.

"The first thing Bartley did was to go to a liquor seller's and get drunk. When he was told to get out he became abusive, cursing everybody in authority, especially the Government, the Lord Lieutenant, and the Queen. Rolling in the gutter, he called for three cheers for an Irish Republic and a Parliament in College Green. When the police came, Bartley became more abusive. At the station house he assaulted two of them, and challenged any miserable hound that ever wore the Queen's uniform to a stand-up fight. When he appeared before the magistrates he was fined heavily, and, in accordance with the part he was playing, would have gone to jail instead of paying the fine, had not a crowd of sympathizing Nationalists in the body of the court subscribed the amount of the fine between them. After giving this incontestable proof that he was a genuine Nationalist and no Government spy, Bartley's reputation was re-established.

"Work at the forge now became more brisk. But whereas previously the men brought spades, shovels, and plowshares to mend, they now brought pikes and muskets. Bartley was trusted as he had never been before. The week after his encounter with the police he was sworn in as a regular member of the secret society ready to take the field against the Government when the rebellion was announced. He had, however, stipulated that he should not be asked to leave the forge until actual war had broken out, and his wishes were respected. Many firearms were mended and many pikes were made for the members of the revolutionary society. Bartley knew the name of every member; the name of every man, who had a rifle; the name of everybody who committed an outrage for five years previously, and the name of every person on whom an outrage was intended to be committed. Bartley made reports of these particulars to the central office in Dublin. He was thanked and told to keep cool. When the Government thought the net was full they drew it out, and presto! the whole town and district of Tubbercurry was thrown into a state of the wildest confusion. Summonses were issued for all the names on Bartley's list. Those who felt that their cases were light attended court and were let off with a fine. Bartley took the first train for Dublin as soon as he heard that the first summons was issued. Had he remained a few hours later, he would have been assuredly assassinated."

Practical Fashions

LADY'S WAIST.



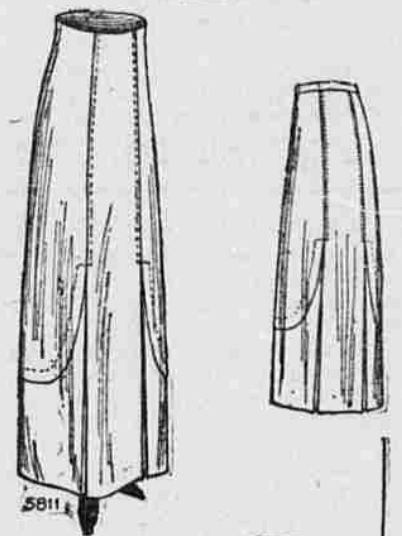
The coat waist is one of the biggest hits of the season, and many charming variations are shown. Among the prettiest is the design presented here which shows the fashionable deep peplum, in apron style. This style of peplum fits well over the skirt and has a certain "set" that adds to the charm of the garment. The pattern provides for high or low neck. The waist is beautifully made of fine lawn, swiss or dimity with lace insertion trimming, or of white linen with embroidery insertion trim.

The pattern (5832) is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2 1/4 yards of 30 inch goods, 8 1/4 yards of insertion and 1 1/2 yards of edging.

To procure this pattern, send 10 cents to "Pattern Department" of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO 5832. SIZE.....
NAME.....
TOWN.....
STREET AND NO.....
STATE.....

LADY'S FOUR-GORED SKIRT.



This attractive and stylish skirt model will serve nicely for separate wear, as part of a coat suit or as part of a complete costume. It is cut in four gores and is made in simulated tunic fashion. The closing is at the left side of the back. The skirt can be made with empire or regulation waist line. For separate wear, serge, mohair, whipcord, linen or corduroy plique may be employed, while for suit or costume development the range of suitable materials is almost unlimited.

The pattern (5811) is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches, waist measure. Medium size requires 4 1/4 yards of 36 inch material.

To procure this pattern, send 10 cents to "Pattern Department" of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO 5811. SIZE.....
NAME.....
TOWN.....
STREET AND NO.....
STATE.....

Whale Meat Good for Chickens.

Now they are feeding that whale to the Eastport chickens with wonderful results. The flesh of the whale is very much like ordinary beef in texture and appearance. The poultrymen maintain that it is the best and most economical egg-producing food that they can buy, because it is really very nutritious, rich in oil, and free from bone.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

A Tragedy.

There was a young lady named Maud, Who found her young man was a fraud.

She thought her lot sunny, But found he'd no money, To speak of and how Maudie jawed!

Where Divorce Was Futile.

"In ancient Greece when a man was divorced the law provided that he must not marry a woman who was younger than his first wife."

"Did they ever have a divorce case in ancient Greece?"

A Willing Victim.
"There is a man in our block who drove his wife from home last night, and before all the neighbors, too."
"What a brute!"
"She didn't think so. He was trying to get her new car."

HAD TERRIBLE ITCHING, BURNING HUMOR ON FACE

Covered With Scabs, Very Embarrassing. Resinol Cured.

Here is proof indeed of what Resinol will do for sufferers from tormenting, unsightly skin humors. Mr. Will D. Hays, Russellville, Tenn., says: "I caught sycosis or barber's itch. My face would get so smarting and burning, and great red welts would come on it, and in a few hours my face would be covered with scales or scabs the size of wheat bran. It would itch a great deal and the more I rubbed it, the worse it became. It even got up in the edge of my hair. It certainly was very embarrassing as well as annoying, too, as everyone wanted to know what was the matter with my face. I tried several different local remedies, but they did not do any good. Then I sent for a small jar of Resinol Ointment and that one jar cured me inside of ten days. I had had the barber's itch for thirty or forty days. I believe Resinol will do the same for others." (Dated April 11, 1912.)

Resinol Ointment stops itching instantly, and with the aid of Resinol Soap is the ideal household remedy for eczema and other skin and scalp eruptions, pimples, blackheads, freckles, burns, scalds, sores, boils, ulcers and piles. Your druggist sells Resinol Soap (25c) and Resinol Ointment (50c) or sent postpaid on receipt of price, by Dept. 23 Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

The Middle-Aged Woman.

Of the many ways in which the middle-aged woman may vary the effect of her afternoon gowns none is simpler than the use of a collar and cuffs of white voile edged with scalloping and embroidery in a floral design. Another change may be the frock set of white chiffon with border of black malines, and still another is the one of black net hemstitched with silver thread. Some of these collars are so long in front that they terminate only at the waist line, where they cross in surplice effect and are tucked away under the girdle. An excellent model of this sort is of light blue lawn embroidered with black dots, and a second is of white agate trimmed with tiny folds of broadcloth, alternating with eponge.

Relieves and Rests Teething Babies.

Mrs. Burton Gary, Toledo, Ohio, writes that she has given Kopp's Baby's Friend to her babies when teething; finds it gives them rest without making them sleep. Invaluable to mothers. Three sizes, 10c., 25c and 50c., at druggists or sent direct by Kopp's Baby's Friend Co., York, Pa. Sample by mail on request.

Generous.

Jack—When I met my pretty cousin at the train I was in doubt whether I should kiss her.

Tom—Well, what did you do?
Jack—I gave her the benefit of the doubt.

The Paxton Toilet Co. of Boston, Mass., will send a large trial box of Paxtine Antiseptic, a delightful cleansing and germicidal toilet preparation, to any woman, free, upon request.

Poets are born—and most of the great ones are dead.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 5c a bottle.

A woman's mirror is always a peer glass.

Patience Is No Virtue!

Be Impatient With Backache! Too patiently do many women endure backache, languor, dizziness and urinary ills, thinking them part of woman's lot. Often it is only weak kidneys—and Doan's Kidney Pills would cure the case.

An Iowa Case

Mrs. J. Hunt, 105 S. 6th St., Fairfield, Iowa, says: "For thirty years I suffered from kidney trouble. I had severe backaches, headaches and dizzy spells and my limbs became so swollen that I could not walk. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me after everything else failed, and I can never recommend them too highly."

Get Doan's at any Drug Store, 50c. a Box

Doan's Kidney Pills

Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure Constipation, Bilelessness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, no matter how SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Wm. Wood

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FOR MAKING OLD FASHIONED HOME-MADE ROOTBEER

Every home should make root-beer in springtime for its deliciousness and its fine tonic properties.

One package makes 5 gallons. If your grocer isn't supplied, we will mail you a package on receipt of 12c. Please give name. Write for premium puzzle. THE CHARLES E. HIRE CO. 255 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.